

## I was made for loving you

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## I was made for loving you

by [xshittylialife](#)

### Summary

George is okay with not having a soulmate. He really is. He had years to get used to it. But his soulmate writing to him now just to tell him they are already in love with someone else? Not so much okay.

### Notes

I'm here just to say I'm a sucker for skin sharing soulmate AUs. Thank you for your attention.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George has been waiting for this moment almost his whole life, mainly because people keep waiting for it too, asking about it all the time, even with more urgency as he passed the mark of 21 years a few years back. They asked – *Any words? Have you written?* And his prolonged explanation from the first days changed into simple nods.

*I wrote. I let them know. No response.*

That was usually the time people looked at him with pity and fake exclamations how maybe, maybe his soulmate is simply just younger. At that point George didn't care. He made his peace

with it, he met other people with clear skins, shared the hardened sighs, let them turn into urgent moans in the middle of the nights and then went on his merry way, never giving it much more thought. He got the thought a year and half after his 21st birthday. He relied the words to Dream a week later when he was drunk out his mind.

"I think it's okay if there is no one to love me," the words weren't harsh, he kept repeating them to himself daily. "Maybe there is no one for me. I'll live. People lived before. Who cares about love anyway, right?" It was too deep to be talking about this over discord to a friend he never really met because he was all the way over the ocean but somehow talking to Dream was easier than talking to any of his real-life friends. He didn't have to look into his eyes the next day, that's what was easy about it.

"George," Dream had the same pity tone all familiar to him. He heard a deep sigh and wanted to smash his head against the table. *Please not the fake consideration even here.* "I think you're a very loveable person," Dream sounded so sure, he surprised him again.

"Oh, so you love me?" he snorted then because dealing with feelings without humour wasn't really something he could keep up very long. "Kinda gay if u ask me," he snorted and Dream just laughed softly.

"Full homo George," he heard him shifting around and the soft giggles. "Anything for you George!"

"God stop, Sapnap's gonna be jealous..."

"What he doesn't hear, can't hurt him," the soft chuckling continued, George felt it in his chest even now, years later, when everything about his life changed and while he was still messing around with Dream on a call from miles apart, now there were hundreds of thousands people watching their every conversation.

It was a mess, his notifications were a mess, his sleep schedule was a mess, but somehow he was never happier in his life. He had a nice rented apartment, at least until he would be able to move out to the house Dream had already bought, the hours spent looking at offers online and the videocalls spent showing George around each place, because Dream really didn't want to pick without him, although he already was dragging his mom and sister with him to have other opinions, the hours all turned into a nice house with a long driveway that felt very American and enough rooms so they could have a hype house of their own or each have a room and a completely separate offices.

George knew which option seemed more appealing to him.

All seemed to be working out for George, his mind at peace with his situation and future plans, that is until he woke up one morning, well actually afternoon but morning enough for him, and he went to the bathroom first thing, slipped out of his clothes right into the shower and then just stared, because his thighs were filled with dark words trailing all over his skin. Even though the water was beating into his skin the words stayed and he began to scrub but they still didn't budge. He turned the water off then, his heart falling with him as he reached the bottom of the tub and he stared at the black words against his white skin.

*hey soulmate if you're there. I don't know how this works really but I'm kind of drunk right now. Just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry, I know we haven't really had a chance to get to know each other but I kind of think I already found someone to love and I don't think you could ever equal to*

*what he means to me, so I'm sorry to break your heart, but I'm sure you're a wonderful girl and will find love easily enough.*

Whatever George ever expected from his soulmate (and it was nothing at this point), this completely left him breathless.

He... He knew... He was okay with the thought of not having a soulmate.

But having one, who was obviously ignoring him for years and only now got the courage to confess it was because there was someone else... That hit hard.

George didn't feel like crying, not really.

But he also didn't feel like breathing.

His brain worked the way it always did, he thought of a funny response, something that would ease the tension, although it would be okay, he doesn't need to ease it because he would never have to face this person ever. He got up, almost as in trance, let the shower warm up again, in a trance. He scrubbed his skin, washed his hair. He got out of the shower, brushed his teeth, moisturised his face. And then he was sitting on his bed wrapped in a navy-blue fuzzy bathrobe and got out a pen and wrote in his thin handwriting: *nice, I don't mind. But I'm a man so maybe deal with that crisis first.*

George laughed at his own words because there was nothing else to do. And just for practical reasons.

*Wash it off when u read my message, I'll wash mine then.*

It was done. It was all done. He had to navigate how to relearn to say *my soulmate has someone else* instead of *I don't have a soulmate*. But maybe he didn't need to, maybe it was simply the truth and even his soulmate wasn't his soulmate. He remembered Dream's words then: *I think you're a very lovable person, George*. What would he think of it now, learning that even the person made for him didn't love him? Maybe he didn't need to know, maybe... Maybe if he didn't speak a word of this, he could pretend that Dream's words still had their truth and there was someone to love him out there.

This didn't change anything, only some circumstances of how the original statement was true. He didn't have a soulmate. And he was okay with it.

...

The problem of being an internet personality in the age of soulmates was that every one of his fans was aware that George's soulmate had to be out there. Some of them probably were scribbling over their skin just to test it out, small words of *hello* like he first did when he turned 21. Maybe some of them were narrowly waiting for the clock to strike midnight so they could try it out. He had that

hope the first days after his birthday.

What if his soulmate was some celebrity? What if his soulmate was the girl who smiled everytime he stopped for a coffee and nervously stumbled over his words in front of her?

It was neither and it was okay.

He thought back to the words now erased from his skin. The small response he found hours later.

*I'm a man too. It... Kinda makes sense. Sorry for assuming your gender. And thank you for understanding. You can wash the words off.*

So, his soulmate was a man. It... didn't spark the crisis he thought it would. Maybe his unconsciousness went through it before. He didn't really remember but he didn't have to give it any more thought because although this man was his soulmate, he really wasn't his and never would be. The options were open. But maybe next time when he went out, he would accept some drinks from some men too and try it out. Could be interesting.

It would be better to keep that off the internet too, similar to the state of his soulmate. He narrowly danced around every question about it, the donations never stopped, he sometimes thought about giving the simple answer just so they would stop. But then he thought what the response would be, how much pity would he have to withstand, people acting like he is a fragile deeply miserable being that they have to take care of. He didn't need that. So when the next donation of: *have you talked to your soulmate?* came through he just laughed.

"Hm I don't know," he was smiling, focusing on the game before him. "Dream?" he didn't know why he put the question over to him.

"Why are you asking me?!" his friend burst out laughing and George chuckled and that was all. It was all and it was okay.

It would be all okay if there weren't new words on his arm in the morning.

*Do you ever think about love and how weird is the concept nowadays? It turned into something automatic, people wait for 21, write, find someone and marry them like 2 months later without really testing it out to see if they really work. What even is a soulmate, I know they're supposed to work but what decided that you were the right person for me? Why don't I get to decide? I'm so sure about... my person. I'm so sure what I feel for him is love. But I know I'm not his soulmate. Is that wrong? Does it make not real?*

*I'll be honest, I didn't think you were real. Because if I'm not his soulmate, there was not a chance I would be someone else's. I didn't expect you to respond. But here we are and I can't stop thinking if what I feel for him is not real, if I'm supposed to be doing this, giving all my love through my skin to a person I've never met instead the one I've loved for years.*

*I hate love.*

*I'm sorry for the words I'll wash them off as soon as I wake up. I'm too sleep deprived for this.*

His skin was itching as he reread the words again and again. Is it really his place to respond to the spilled feelings accidentally written into his skin? Maybe it's easy to talk to a person who isn't even real, who seems like a figment of imagination. He should try it sometimes, to write out his feeling into his skin. He tried it a few times only to find himself waiting for an answer that never came. Now it maybe would. But it would probably just hurt his heart more, made his head ache. So he left the words there until he saw them getting scrubbed away a few hours later. He sat behind his computer then and started an alt live, something to ease his mind, some Geoguessr, a message to Dream to join, when there was no response he shot one to Wilbur too, just out of spite, he didn't want to be alone right now, he didn't want his mind to slip, to think about someone that was in love with someone else.

Wilbur joined first and they laughed as they visited new world places. He saw a message from Dream pop up and then he joined the call too and now he had two people to get his mind away from unwanted thoughts.

...

*I'm so sorry*

*I'm sorry I'm writing again*

*But some days it feels like this is the only place where I can share things without the judgement of the whole world on me. I'm sorry if this makes it harder for you. I wish there was a way for you to stop seeing them. I wish I could make him see them instead.*

*God I really am an asshole, writing to my soulmate pathetic essays about one stupid man*

*He is not stupid, he is actually infuriatingly smart.*

*Are you like him? Were your features made to be touched by the sun, is your presence so intoxicating that everyone wants to steal you for a minute? Are you always the one that people reach for? That makes people laugh?*

*I wish you had his alabaster skin, I wish you had his stupid laugh. Everything would be so easier if this was him on the other side but I know it's not.*

*Have you ever...*

*I wanted to ask if you ever loved so much. Now I wonder have you ever loved?*

*Even though I love him, there is no fault on your side. I feel bad I didn't even give you a chance to be the love of my life. But what is a chance in comparison to the conscious choice of one late afternoon where I decided that man was it for me?*

*I wish I could make you understand.*

*If our souls are the same you would probably love him as much as I do.*

*I'm sorry. Again.*

*I wish I could promise I'm not gonna do it again. But I always had a knack for unhealthy habits.*

:)

George finally let out the breath he was holding, the words a messy crawl over his thigh. He still had trouble swallowing. There was something settled deep in his stomach, the want, the pure want to be loved. Wanting to be loved like this, by choice, not chance, not because universe said so, but maybe in spite of the universe. There was a fire starting in his chest, there was someone who rejected their soulmate for a person they loved deeply. Maybe there would be someone who loved George despite being rejected by their literal soulmate. He picked up a pen and looked at his thigh for a second, his hand trying to find a comfortable angle.

*Dude. You have it bad.*

It was not like him, he never even called anyone dude but it somehow seemed fitting to the image of some indie boy who was writing sonnets into his skin for another man. He would be a dude. Did he have long hair? God, that's a possibility. That's a thing he had to think about later, the physical attributes of someone made for him.

*Also no, I've never been one for love.*

*It keeps missing me somehow lol*

He stared at, marvelled at those stupid words, cringed at himself. He wasn't even quick enough to get to the bathroom to wash them off before the response came.

*I feel bad. I'm sorry.*

*It feels just unfair to act like I could offer you the same thing as him. I hope you understand that.*

*Dude, I get it. I said you have it bad.*

Will he ever stop cringing at the *dude*? No. But it made it easier somehow. Funny. He could make fun of him. It wouldn't make his heart beat so fast maybe. Maybe he could even call him a bro.

God now that would be...

*Yeah, I think I'm aware.*

*Anyone you're feeling all the things about? Just so I'm not the most tremendous asshole soulmate out there?*

*I said love just keeps missing me lol. Can you read? Maybe you should learn it if your love is so smart goddamn bro*

George snickered out loud. It was almost like he could be a completely different person. Yeah, yeah absolutely. His soulmate doesn't not like George. His soulmate doesn't like this frat dude fuckboy with mysterious past. Maybe he could say he has tattoos. But the soulmate would figure out the lies pretty easily considering they fucking share skin.

*Don't make fun of me. I dropped out. School's not my thing but that doesn't mean I'm stupid.*

*Is your boy a smart dropout too? (smart and dropout do not really go together)*

*Masters. With honours. Yeah, I know what're you going to say... Dude*

*He is too smart for you then*

*I fucking knew it. You're kinda mean you know it? Not sure I like what I'm seeing. The universe is weird. Aren't you supposed to be made for me?*

*Maybe the connection went bad or something and I'm just a standby until they connect you to your loverboy.*

*Also pretty sure you were made for ME*

*I think it's meant to be for each other but so far you're radiating very confusing vibes.*

*Is it mean to say I wish this was a mistake connection?*

*Yes. An asshole dropout? I think I dodged a bullet*

*Can't dodge a bullet that was never shot*

*You're quite the poet*

*I wanted to write when I was younger*

*Don't want it anymore? Is it because you're illiterate?*

*Shut up. I kind of do. Not in the way I do to you. That raw spillage full of feelings is... new. I like it tho. To just take a pen and feel the words etched onto my skin. It feels like finally getting them out, but also keeping them for myself in a way. For myself and you, well.*

*You could try it.*

*No, thanks. Gotta keep the feelings where they're supposed to be. Dead*

*Didn't know an edgelord fratboy was my type. I'm learning so much about myself wow*

*Didn't know a sappy indie hipster was my type either. I think universe fucked up here.*

*I'm not an indie hipster*

*And I'm not an edgelord or a fratboy*

*Hm sure. Dudebro*

*Dropout meanie*

*Oh come on now. My feelings are hurt.*



George finally, finally burst out laughing as he took his covered thighs in for a minute. It was all... It was like they were stupid best friends already. Maybe this was the universe telling him that he really was made for arguing. His hand reached out to his phone then, his excitement bubbling over.

-just woke up

He typed out to Dream, his actual best friend instead of the one just-made skin-sharing one. His fingers were already hovering over the letters *my soulmate is an asshole of course he would* when he decided just how bad of an idea it would be.

He would have to explain so much.

He would have to explain so so much and he... he didn't want to. The shame was back, prickling at his neck. He thought out how it would go, if he could make himself do it, type out next words that he would need to explain. *My soulmate is in love with someone else. Like really badly.*

What would Dream think? What would Dream say? Would he be ready to acknowledge it? To make it be real?

*Hey, the person made for loving you is actually deeply in love with someone else? Hm... I take back the lovable stuff, what the fuck George.*

-me too. In sync BB <3

George burst out laughing at the stupid message from Dream. He looked back at his thighs, picked up the pen.

*I'm running out of space so I'm gonna take a shower. Also bro, just like pull yourself together. He is just some dude*

*Are you smaller than me?*

*Wtf? How tf would I know?*

*Oh... Right. I just have some space to work with just now. You say you're running out? I have a thing for smaller guys I guess.*

*Embarrassing. Go have a cold shower pls.*

George was already strumming it into his bathroom again.

-discord?

Dream was there to let the boredom out.

-in a minute.

-can't wait <<33

-you're literally so stupid

-<<<333

-8---

-George!

-leave me be I'm gonna be online in a second.

With that he stepped into the shower and scrubbed at his thighs. The fire in his chest was gone. The numbness in his head too and he sighed aloud just to let the walls of his bathroom know just how miserable the fate was to him personally. Maybe the universe could hear him and would bring something nice into his life. Maybe just the end of the freaking pandemic, just so he can move where he really wants to be.

...

There is no bigger loneliness than that at 10 p.m. on a Wednesday night. The world is quiet, even weirdly so for what he is used to in London. His room is quiet but he is used to that. The only thing not quite quiet is his mind. His chest. The itch in his fingers that slowly inches towards the other side of the double bed that is empty, so fucking empty. He wants... he craves someone to be there. He is pulling out a pen before the feelings... the feelings overpower him and he thinks to his soulmate, how insistent he was that this is going to help. He kicks his covers away and crosses his

legs, pulls one of his calves closer because... because maybe he will not notice it there.

*I'm so lonely* his hand is shaking as he writes it and immediately scratches it over. Stupid. So stupid.

~~*I'm so lonely*~~

~~*It's too quiet*~~

~~*I'm*~~

~~*I wish I knew how to express feelings like you*~~

~~*I wish I knew how to make them pretty and*~~

~~*I hate that I got a double bed because it always feels too fucking empty*~~

~~*You lied this is not helping this is embarrassing*~~

~~*I should go wash this away*~~

~~*I wish there was someone to hold me*~~

~~*That's probably a lyric from something fuck I'm stupid*~~

~~*I wish I knew how to ask for someone to hold me*~~

~~*Fuck that's actually so stupid*~~

~~*You know that song I was made for loving you? It used to be my favourite. I thought about how to persuade my future wife to have it as ours first dance song all the time just because I kept listening to it and thought that yeah this is how I want to love. This is how I want to be loved.*~~

~~*It's funny because you were literally made for loving me but you don't and it's okay because I'm used to that because no one ever does. Fuck that sounds pathetic. Obviously people love me. Maybe just not in the way I want to be loved.*~~

~~*Loneliness is a fucking brainrot I hate everything I'm gonna go listen to some Mitski just to feel something I'm too lazy to wash this off right now.*~~

*I like the song*

George stared at the words that appeared on his wrist just three songs in. He was awake. He noticed. Fuck. Maybe he underestimated him. George himself would never notice his calf like that.

*I also like Mitski*

*God and you called me indie*

*Is Mitski indie? Or am I just depressed?*

*Loneliness is excruciating. My bed is too big for it too. I feel like I'm drowning in it all the time. The love I feel does not fill it because my love is somewhere on the other side of the world. But I'll not talk about love to you now. Although I believe you will get the love you want. Maybe you just have to begin with loving how you want. You know... Karma stuff.*

*Me: hey I'm depressed and lonely*

*You: hey soulmate I'll tell you more about my homoerotic longing for a guy that is not you and how I love him excruciatingly*

*Fair enough. I'm sorry. People keep telling me I can't shut up about him, maybe I should learn how.*

*You really should. If I was your friend I would punch your face everytime. I bet you have a lovey dovey expression too.*

*Yeah supposedly I do but it doesn't matter*

*Whatever. I'm gonna go wash of my embarrassing feelings*

*Feelings are never embarrassing. It's good to feel through them.*

*God if I wanted a therapist I would pay for one*

*You probably should it's really nice*

*I'm ending this conversation.*

*Feel less lonely soulmate <3*

*Fuck off*

He almost throws the pen across the room. Idiot. Why is it always the idiots? That's a soulmate? A stupid idiot simping for a man who is not even near him? Instead of him? Technically he doesn't know if he is closer, or what exactly is the situation. The pieces are all a mess, almost as much as the man's feelings. He knows nothing about him. He is fucking going to keep it that way. He scrubs at his calf and just sighs. He should just stop indulging in this. It's not healthy.

....

George is, to put it simply, just fucking tired.

He woke up with words, sonnets about love, spilling over the crooks of his body where his stupid soulmate probably thought he was not going to check but it's now a part of the routine. Although he doesn't respond anymore, he wakes up, he brushes his teeth and then checks his body. There is a little love poem written over his hip. The word love repeatedly written on his foot. A small heart on his shoulder. There is a message written on his wrist.

*You can be loved*

*You will be loved*

This one is meant for him but he ignores it still.

*Stop. Stop. Stop. Just fucking stop.* He wants to scream it, he wants to write it in big letter over his forehead so that guy fucking learns. Or at least fucking thinks for a second what he is doing to him. Because George can now stand in his cold bathroom and stare and think about how... If he just pretends for a second... It almost feels like the words are for him.

It's so easy to pretend. He hates it.

And even when he escapes his own daydreams, there he is playing CS with Sapnap, all guys being dudes, no soulmate shit, and the soulmate shit is still brought up.

"Chat, I'm not 21 yet, stop fucking asking," Sapnap laughs as they're both dead and waiting for the round to finish. George picks at his fingernails.

"Dream? He's fucking obsessed," he laughs and George picks up at that now.

"Is he now?" George laughs. He never heard any of it. Dream never mentioned soulmates, ever. Maybe it's his fault. Maybe he made it so they couldn't talk about it because of his own fucking misery. But considering George didn't tell him about the newly found soulmate...

"He is going around with his body fucking all scribbled over ever since he... Fuck." Sapnap stops then. George knows the regret in his voice. He is not supposed to be saying this, especially before the 20k people watching them.

There is an uncomfortable silence in the call.

"Oh, I'm going B," George says as the new round loads in. His hand grasps the mouse tighter.

He should have thought about it. He was so deep in his own soulmate bullshit he never asked. He never asked what he is going to do when he turned 21 a few weeks back.

He is a bad friend. He is terrible. Selfish. He should have asked. He should have known Dream would be the one to do this, to just fill his whole body with words, cover it with ink so that even if the soulmate responded, it would get lost, they would be so fucking annoyed.

They slip back into laughs and shittalk. The stream ends after two more rounds just because Dream's message appeared – just a bunch of question marks. George chuckled slightly. It is going to be incredible to see Sapnap chewed out for letting stuff slip.

"What the fuck?!" Dream's voice does not join through discord but is heard in the back of Sapnap's call as soon as the stream is over. "Why the fuck is my soulmate trending on twitter? You talked about it? Why?"

"It just slipped dude, okay? I didn't mean to. I'm sorry!"

"Sapnap," Dream sounds disappointed. George leans back. The situation is shit because there is no way to damage control this. It's out, clipped, shared, quoted. Dream is contacting his soulmate with vigour. The next streams will be filled with questions and donations about it. Maybe George should take a break. He knows there is already way too many jokes about him waking up with scribbles all over his body out there.

He doesn't need that reminder too. To see himself put in that position.

Dream has a soulmate. Dream definitely has a soulmate because Dream is full of love and he needs someone to give it all to. Dream definitely has a soulmate that is nice, that accepts all of his love, they will laugh together under the Floridian sun, they will stroll the streets hand in hand. George just hopes they will not respond until he gets at least few years living with him and Sapnap. Either they respond now and he stays. Or they respond years later when George is ready to have his love taken away too.

"George?" Dream's voice comes through the headphones, now softer.

"Hm?" the room is quiet. He looks at Sapnap's icon.

"Sorry I didn't tell you," it's almost too quiet. He hears the guilt in his voice. There is also something under it, something held back. George blinks steadily, staring at the grey colour of discord. He thinks he knows what it means.

They responded.

"It's okay, I get it," His voice is coming from miles away. He gets it. He gets it because he knows Dream and knows how well Dream knows him and Dream definitely knows George better than he would like to admit and he knows, although George will act like it does not bother him, it still makes him sad, the lack of his own soulmate.

George almost feels like he should share his news too but his throat is too tight. This is not the right time to share his soulmate trauma.

"I'm really happy for you. I'm sure they're as big of an idiot as you," he chuckles. He ignores the prickling of tears in the corners of his eyes. "Hope they're okay with you pissing the bed," he says and he laughs because he knows how to do that. Dream snorts and he hears Sappnap laughing deeply, somewhere in the back. So, he didn't leave.

"They probably have a piss kink, if they're made for him!" Sappnap voice comes closer now. "I wonder if they will like your crusty shoes too," he hears a smack and then Dream is groaning and he punches Sappnap back. And George keeps laughing because even if a tear slips out, it's a happy tear, right, he is laughing, so it's a tear from that. Definitely.

"Have they responded?" he asks because that's what matters. Dream stays quiet.

"No," there is no disappointment in his voice.

"I'm sure they will soon. Don't scare them away though, I bet you're writing like whole essays for them."

"I'M NOT!"

Laughs fill the call once again. It's easy. It's all very easy.

...

*I think I fucked up. I told him about you? Is that bad? How would you feel if we were kind of something and I pull out a whole soulmate?*

*You mean kinda like you did? Lol*

*Oh. Right. Sorry.*

*It just. It made it real. That I'm not his soulmate. Although I knew. It just... It's real now. We're not soulmates.*

*Did he seem to care?*

*I don't know. Not really.*

*God dude just talk to him about it. Confess that you're talking about him all the time and he will either block you for being a creepy stalker or like.... Like you back I guess*

*It's... Complicated. I can't afford to lose him now.*

*You're dumb. You're so dumb. I don't care you know what I don't. Just fucking stop the love things I see them.*

George blinks because the rage is filling him. This moron. This absolute motherfucker. He rejects his own soulmate but doesn't go after his own love? Fucking pathetic. God, that is simply unbelievable.

*I'm sorry*

Luckily, he doesn't have to respond because there is an incoming call from Dream so he accepts that.

"Hey," he whispers into the night.

"Hi," his voice sounds wrong. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the soulmate stuff, George."

"It's okay. It's your private business."

"But...we're best friends. We tell each other everything, right?" he feels as if Dream knows he has been hiding stuff. It's hard to focus. Hard to swallow.

"We do?" he chuckles a bit.

"George!" Dream laughs then. "Hiding something?"

"Hm maybe, I don't know. Am I?" his tone drops into a flirty one and he cringes over himself. God why do they always end up here?

"George," Dream's voice is a low rumble, George's chest feels it rattling in all the corners, it tickles his ribs and he finds himself sighing deeply, moving on the bed.

"Yes?"

"Is there something you want to tell me?" he chuckles. God. Kind of attractive. Maybe he can indulge a bit. Indulge more.

"Not really. Something to tell me, Dream?" he keeps his voice light just so it doesn't slip somewhere they would both regret. It came too close too many times.

"I-" his voice wavers. So, he does have something to tell him.

"Is it about your soulmate?" he is starting the topic, he is getting on that road that ends with him being miserable. But it feels like Dream needs to talk about this. He should be here for him.



"I lied," he said, sighed deeply. "They wrote back," he whispered into the night and George stared at the dark ceiling, weird feeling churning in his stomach. So, no America.

"Are they nice?"

"God no, he is fucking infuriating," Dream chuckled out then. He. He?

"So... it's a him? That's a new thing," he was playing with the strings of his hoodie now. He didn't know if he could do this after all.

"Yeah I... Yeah," Dream's voice falters a bit. "I... I don't think he's the one for me though," he clears his throat. Silence hangs over them loudly.

"He's literally made for you Dream," George chuckled into the phone. "Who else would be the one, if not your soulmate?"

"I don't know," his voice is too quiet. "You?" he snickers and George just rolls his eyes.

"Idiot," he mumbles back although his chest is on fire now. God, it's way too warm.

"I-" his voice falters again and George is listening intently. "I would rather be with you than with them, George," there is a certain tremble to his voice that George can't figure out. What's the joke here?

"What does that mean Dream? Is he really that much of an asshole?"

"No, just-" he hears the annoyed groan. "I don't know. Forget it."

He feels how hot his ears are. *God, what does that mean?*

"You know..." he swallows. the words are on the edge of his lips. "You don't have to feel sorry for me, Dream. It's not your responsibility to love me," his throat is a desert. He suddenly can't seem to catch a breath.

"What the fuck George I-... I don't feel sorry for you," the quietness is gone, heated Dream is back. A smile falls on George's lips. "And it's not a fucking responsibility to fucking love you. I do it because it's the only thing I know how to fucking do," there is certain rawness to his voice. George feels hot all over again. His head is swimming, the words his soulmate leaves on his skin, *choice, fucking choice*. George is Dream's choice in his own way.

"I love you too, Dream," he sighs softly. He feels his face growing red but he needs him to know. Know that George chooses that too. Maybe their love is almost enough.

There is a deep inhale from Dream.

"George," the way he says his name. He can almost pretend. Almost. *Almost*.

"Clay?" he laughs because he doesn't know where really this is headed.

"I wish I was your soulmate," he says then. George is staring at the ceiling too.

"I think you would be a bearable soulmate," he hums softly and Dream chuckles.

"Bearable? Oh, come on now. I would write you pretty love poems every morning,"

"Oh, I get those already," it slips way too easily. George dips into silence. Stares some more. God,

what did he do?

"You do?" he really can't read Dream's voice now. "Like for real? Your soulmate responded?" there is a certain urgency.

"Dream..." he doesn't elaborate. He doesn't know how. "It's... It's embarrassing."

"You know I won't laugh,"

"I know just... I don't know," his fingers rake through his hair because what else is there to do. "He already has someone," a sharp pain shoots through his chest then.

"What?" his voice is coming from miles away.

"A message appeared a few weeks ago. He... he apologised but he kind of... has someone. He doesn't... he doesn't wanna be with me," his throat feels so fucking raw. "My soulmate doesn't wanna be with me."

He feels like crying and hates himself for it.

He stares at his naked legs still covered in words from today.

He was not made to be loved.

It's okay.

It's okay.

It's okay.

It's not okay.

The dam breaks and a tear slips down. He pats it away instantly.

"But it's okay hah," his laugh is so weak. "I have you, obviously. Although, I guess you have your soulmate but... I'm happy for you Clay, really, I think you deserve-"

"George."

"Yes?" he squeezes his eyes.

"I was made for loving you baby," it's a simple sentence, really. George chuckles at first. But then the silence stretches.

*I was made for loving you baby.*

*You were made for loving me.*

"When did I tell you about that stupid song?" he says quietly. Dream just laughs.

"You're so fucking stupid. You dare call me a dumb bitch? You dare to call me a dude?! George!"

"I've never-" his voice stops. There are new words appearing on his right thigh.

*I was made for loving you, George.*

"Dream?" his voice is gone. His mind is gone. This can't be real. This... it can't be real.

"Oh my god we're so fucking stupid George!" Dream almost screams. "It's you. I... It's you. It's you!" he keeps repeating it. George reaches for the pen he threw away earlier.

*You were made for loving me, Dream?*

He writes back and Dream bursts out laughing.

"God, this is embarrassing, I wrote so many stuff about you!"

"I called you dude."

"Don't forget about that one Bro," he says and they're both chuckling. It still hasn't settled into George yet.

"I... I kind of can't believe it," his voice is still miles away. "I have a soulmate," Dream just chuckles at his soft voice.

"You have me," Dream says. It hits George all at once, all the stuff. It forces out a deep sigh.

"Will the sonnets stop now?"

"Do you want them to?" Dream asks, quiet. George traces over his hip. Every word. Every single word was for him.

"No," he answers. Clears his throat. "But don't be such a fucking simp," he says and Dream is laughing again.

Maybe. Maybe he was always lovable. Maybe Dream saw it then, years ago. Maybe the universe just has a sense of humour too. But it gave him someone made for loving him, so maybe he will forgive it this one time. Just this once.

## End Notes

I didn't really plan on posting this just because I find it kind of cheesy but at the same time, it's already written I might as well, right? HAh.

What is fanfiction but a self-projection. I really like the song I was made for you by KISS and I want it to be my wedding song if I ever happen to get married which doesn't seem plausible, but I can keep daydreaming about it, right? Daydreams are honestly a life saver in this lonely life.

I hope you enjoyed and I appreciate any feedback. Tell me how cheesy and cringe it is. Bully me please. Thank you.

<3

My [Tumblr](#) that I sometimes use.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!